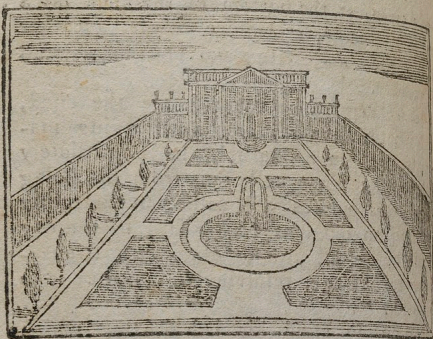


was a beautiful garden; and the avenue which led to an elegant summer-house, was



lined with trees and flower pots in various forms. He had just reached the other side of his bridge, with intent to take his fill of pleasure in that delightful spot, when, to his utter confusion, it vanished, and a horrid monster came out of the rock, and roaring, scared him out of his sleep. And so it was, for a terrible storm had arisen in the night, it thundering extremely had made that noise which seemed to proceed from the monster.

The storm being over, *Quarll* gets up, to go and see if he could discover any effects of the

the late tempest. Being come to the rock, he saw a quantity of fish, with a great number of shells of different shapes and sizes, lying up and down. Heaven make me thankful! said he, I am now provided for all the next winter.

Thus taking up as many fish and shells as he could carry, he went home, and bringing his shirt, which he used instead of a sack, at several times brought away all the fish, and as many shells as he had occasion for; of some he made boilers and stew-pans, of others dishes and plates; some he kept water in, and others fish in pickle.

Being very weary, he sets him down to rest himself; and the runlet of brandy lying by, he was tempted to take a sup; but that which was at first intended for a cordial turns to a nectar; so the intended dram becomes a hearty draught; and poor *Quarll*, who for the space of three months before had drank nothing but water, fell asleep in his chair, with the runlet on his lap, from whence it fell to the ground, and being unstopped, ran all out.

Being awaked with hunger, having slept from evening to almost noon of another day, which he knew not whether the succeeding or the next to it. He was soon reconciled